

Dear Honorable Judge Kaplan,

I open this letter to you with a broken heart. I cannot put into words the heartbreak I feel every single day for the love of my husband. For the short duration of our time together he has shown me a lifetime of happiness and love. We are blessed with three beautiful children that I have raised on my own since my youngest was eight months old. I am so proud of them, they are truly good godly children. Their hearts are good filled with compassion.

However, I have watched them grow up without their father just like I did as a child growing up without mine. I know the unfortunate pain they bare every day as I lived it myself. For the last almost 30 years, I have clung to the fact that he was only ever a phone call away. That has been my saving Grace.

I've taught my children that if their father is alive, they could always speak to him and visit him. Which is more than I was able to experience with my own father who had passed away during my childhood. My mantra to them was that at least they have access to him.

For the last almost 30 years, I have lived with the guilt that it was my fault he made the decision to go to trial. My husband had asked me if he should take the plea and I told him no because I needed him home with me to help care for his small children. I believed with every fiber of my being that he was going to be released, and that we could spend our lives together as a family.

There's not a day that goes by when I look at my children and now my granddaughter and say, "am I the reason my sons and daughter have never experienced a life with their father solely because I asked him not to take the plea?" I feel this guilt every single day and more knowing that he will never get to know his first grandchild and watch her grow.

I prayed every day during his trial and every day through his almost 30 years in prison that he would come home.

It is heart wrenching to watch the love of your life get sicker and sicker as the Parkinson's disease debilitates him more and more each day. I truly thought that the request for his Compassionate Release was going to bring him home. I welcomed the Bureau of Prisons into my home, spoke with his Social Worker as we discussed the medical insurance and medical care he would receive once released. We went through all the steps and although my home and care was approved, my husband's request was denied. Ultimately denoting my husband's ability to receive the medical care he desperately needs for his Parkinson's disease.

My entire family prays that these letters will help. You do not understand how much he's loved and needed at home with his family.

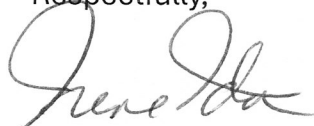
Whatever time we have left together will be spent ensuring that he doesn't leave this world without ever seeing his granddaughter and making up for time my children never had with their father.

My hands will be full providing him with the home and medical care that he needs so we can save any time together. Please release him. He is a sick man, and he needs us and we need him.

When I look at my children. I see the love for him in each and every one of my kids and I'm so very grateful to look at such love and have it look back at me. I am ready for him to come home for better or for worse.

I live with guilt every day. I feel as if it's my fault every day that it was my answer to him, that is the reason he is still in prison today. I beg you please release him.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Irene Ida".

Irene Ida

Dear Honorable Judge Kaplan,

My name is Genevieve Ida, daughter of James Anthony Ida and I was 8 months old when my father was sentenced to life in prison with no parole. This October, I will be 30 years old. That is 30 birthdays missed. 4 graduations missed. My engagement and wedding missed. And most importantly, the birth of my daughter, his first grandchild Penelope Jane missed.

Penelope will be two years old in July. Every joyful moment was shared second hand from me to him through a collect call.

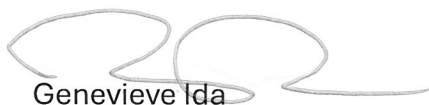
Growing up my mother told stories to my two older brothers and I of all the experiences she shared with my father like going cross country from NY through the badlands into Wyoming to hunting in Alaska. She would tell us how deep of a love my father had for Quarter Horses and the Adirondack Mountains. Despite knowing that my father was serving a life sentence in a federal maximum penitentiary, I grew up knowing who my father truly was and that was a man who loved his family and loved the great outdoors.

30 years later grown from an infant to mothering my own, my father has influenced so much of who I am despite his absence. I am an avid hiker and camper with a deep sense of love for the mountains and wilderness. I have visited 6 National Parks across the United States and have already begun to pass down my love for the great outdoors to my daughter. I like to think that in these moments, I am closest to my dad.

However, for the last 10+ years my father has suffered with tremors later diagnosed as a symptom from Parkinson's disease. The Mayo Clinic states that Parkinson's Disease is a movement disorder of the nervous system that worsens over time. Since being diagnosed, my father has struggled with his balance, pain management and his overall quality of life has severely declined. As a result, he has been transferred to a federal medical center where he receives the bare minimum medical care for a disease that is getting worse as each day passes.

30 years is a lifetime served. I beg of you to please release my father so he can receive the medical care he deserves and to allow him to spend the time he has left here getting to know his granddaughter and being with his family. Thank you so much.

Sincerely,



Genevieve Ida

Dear Honorable Judge Kaplan,

My name is Vincent Ida, and I respectfully submit this letter on behalf of my father, James Ida, who has been incarcerated for three decades. I was only six years old when he was taken from our family, and his absence has shaped the course of my entire life.

Growing up without my father was more than difficult, it was devastating. There are so many things a boy should learn from his dad: how to navigate the world, how to be a man, how to protect and care for family. I had to figure those things out on my own, always wondering what kind of man I might have become if I'd had him by my side. The absence left by his incarceration was not just felt emotionally, it affected me in ways that linger to this day.

Despite the distance and time, I have remained in contact with my father. Through letters, phone calls, and rare visits, he has always tried to be a part of my life in whatever way he could. I've come to know him as a man who has had decades to reflect on his past and who continues to express deep regret for the pain caused. I truly believe that the man who entered prison so many years ago is not the same man who sits there today.

My father is now in his late 80s and battling Parkinson's disease. His health is deteriorating, and the prison environment is not equipped to properly care for someone with such a progressive and debilitating illness. What he needs now is medical care, family support, and the opportunity to spend his final years in peace and dignity—not behind concrete walls but surrounded by the people who love him.

I am asking you, with all the respect and sincerity I can offer, to please consider granting him compassionate release. My hope is to share whatever time we have left time that can never be regained but still holds so much meaning for both of us. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Vincent Ida', written in a cursive style.

Vincent Ida

Nicholas Ida

May 21, 2025

Re: Impact Statement Regarding My Father's Incarceration

Dear Judge Kaplan,

My name is Nicholas Ida, and I am the eldest son of James Ida. I am writing to share how deeply my father's incarceration has affected me and my family.

When my father was sentenced, I didn't know it immediately, but I had to forego my childhood to become a man. Being the oldest boy of three siblings, I had to take on new responsibilities. From that moment on, I stepped into the role of caretaker and protector of my family, trying to fill a void that no one else could. My father was my whole world. He was more than a parent — he was my mentor, my guide, and the man I looked up to in every way.

Now at 37 years old, I still hold out hope that I will be able to show him the man I have become — not despite his absence, but in many ways because of the strength and values he gave me before he left. Every word he spoke to me, every lesson he taught — I carried with me. And even when it was hard, even when I felt alone or overwhelmed, I kept going because I wanted to honor him.

On behalf of the rest of my family, I can say that his absence has left a lasting impact on all of us. His guidance, support, and presence has been missed in countless moments — birthdays, holidays, graduations, and even everyday life. We have done our best to stay strong and to live in a way that honors the man we know and love. We continue to hope for the day when we can be together again as a family and begin to heal from the long years of separation.

I am writing to ask for my elderly and sick father to come home so that we can care for him, I also want to provide this heartfelt perspective to let you know that behind every decision and every sentence, there are families who continue to feel the weight long after the courtroom has emptied. My father is not forgotten. He is loved, and missed, and still a guiding force in all our lives.

Thank you for taking the time to read my words.

With respect,



Nicholas Ida